

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING. ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1835.

No. 58.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

No. III.

**MOUTH AND CHIN.**—The mouth, like the eyes, gives occasion to so many tender thoughts, and is so apt to lose and supersede itself in the affectionate softness of its effect upon us, that the first impulse, in speaking of it, is to describe it by a sentiment and a transport. Mr Sheridan has hit this very happily—see his *Rivals*:—

"Then, Jack, such eyes! Such lips! Eyes so,"  
&c. &c.

I never met with a passage in all the poets that gave me a livelier and softer idea of this charming feature, than a stanza in a homely old writer of our own country. He is relating the cruelty of Queen Eleanor to the Fair Rosamond:

"With that she dash'd her on the lips,  
So dyed double red:  
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,  
Soft were those lips that bled."

*Warner's Albion's England*, Book viii, chap. 41.

Sir John Suckling, in his taste of an under lip, is not easily to be surpassed:

"Her lips were red, and one was thin  
Compared with that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly."

The upper lip, observe, was only comparatively thin. Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good-tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. Chaucer, a great judge, is very peremptory in this matter:

"With pregnant lips, and thick to kiss percase  
For lippen thin, not fat, but ever lean,  
They serve of naught; they be not worth a bean;  
For if the vase be full, there is delight."

*The Court of Love.*

For the consolation of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards, I must give it here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted, in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good-humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please; but affectionation will not help us. In a wrong cause, it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another: or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of a trembling tenderness; of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eyes; as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On

the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated.

The more we consider beauty, the more we recognise its dependence on sentiment. The handsomest mouth without expression is no better than a mouth in a drawing-book. An ordinary one, on the other hand, with a great deal of expression, shall become charming. One of the handsomest smiles I ever saw in a man, was that of a celebrated statesman who is reckoned plain. How handsome Mrs Jordan was when she laughed; who, nevertheless, was not a beauty. If we only imagine a laugh full of kindness and enjoyment, or a "little giddy laugh," as Marot calls it,—*un petit ris folâtre*,—we imagine the mouth handsome as a matter of course: at any rate, for the time. The material obeys the spiritual. Anacreon beautifully describes a lip as "a lip like Persuasion's," and says it calls upon us to kiss it. "Her lips," says Sir Philip Sidney, "though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them."—*Arcadia*, Book I. Let me quote another passage from that noble romance, which was written to fill a woman's mind with all beautiful thoughts, and which I never met with a woman that did not like, notwithstanding its faults, and in spite of the critics. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine; and she not taking heed to wipe the tears, they hung upon her cheeks and lips, as upon cherries, *which the dropping tree bedeweth*."—Book the Third. Nothing can be more fresh and elegant than this picture.

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, make mention of small mouths and lips, they mean small only, as opposed to an excess the other way; a fault very common in the south. The sayings in favour of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A petty, pursed-up mouth, is fit for nothing but to be left to its self-complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions, than very small ones. Beauty should have neither; but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

Beautiful teeth are of a moderate size, even, and white, not a dead white like fish bones, which has something ghastly in it, but ivory or pearly white with an enamel. Bad teeth in a handsome mouth present a contradiction, which is sometimes extremely to be pitied; for a weak or feverish state of body may occasion them. Teeth, not kept as clean as possible, are unpardonable. Ariosto has a celebrated stanza upon a mouth:—

"Sotto quel sta, quasi fra due vallette,  
La bocca, sparsa di natio cinabro:  
Quivi due filze son di perle elette,  
Che chiude ed apre un bello e dolce labro;  
Quindi escon le cortesi parolette  
Da render molle ogni cor rozzo e scabro;

Quivi si forma quel soave riso,  
Ch'apre a sua posta in terra il paradiso."  
*Orlan. Fur. Canto 7.*

"Next, as between two little vales appears  
The mouth, where spices and vermilion keep:  
There lurk the pearls, richer than sultan wears,  
Now casketed, now shown, by a sweet lip:  
Thence issue the soft words and courteous prayers,  
Enough to make a churl for sweetness weep:  
And there the smile taketh its rosy rise,  
That opens upon earth a paradise."

To the mouth belong not only its own dimples, but those of the face:—

"Le pozzette  
Che forma un dolce riso in bella guancia."

*Tasso.*

"The delicate wells  
Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek."

The chin, to be perfect, should be round and delicate, neither advancing nor retreating too much. If it exceed either way, the latter defect is on the side of gentleness. The former anticipates old age. A rounded and gentle prominence is both spirited and beautiful; and is eminently Grecian. It is an elegant countenance (affectation of course apart), where the forehead and eyes have an inclined and over-looking aspect, while the mouth is delicately full and dimpled, and the chin supports it like a cushion, leaning a little upward. A dimple in the chin is almost invariably demanded by the poets, and has a character of grace and tenderness.

**NECK AND SHOULDERS.** The shoulders in a female ought to be delicately plump, even, and falling without suddenness. Broad shoulders are admired by many. It is difficult not to like them, when handsomely turned. It seems as if "the more of a good thing the better." At all events, an excess that way may divide opinion, while of the deformity of pinched and mean-looking shoulders there can be no doubt. A good-tempered woman, of the order yeclpet buxom, not only warrants a pair of expansive shoulders, but bespeaks our approbation of them. Nevertheless, they are undoubtedly a beauty rather on the masculine than feminine side. They belong to manly strength. Achilles had them. Milton gives them to Adam. His

"Hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering; but not beneath his shoulders broad."

Fielding takes care to give all his heroes huge calves and Herculean shoulders,—graces, by the way, in which he was himself eminent. Female shoulders ought rather to convey a sentiment of the gentle and acquiescent. They should lean under those of the other sex, as under a protecting shade. Looking at the male and female figure with the eye of a sculptor, our first impression with regard to the one should be, that it is the figure of a noble creature, prompt for action, and with shoulders full of power;—with regard to the other, that it is that of a gentle creature, made to be beloved, and neither active nor powerful, but fruitful:—the mould of humanity. Her greatest breadth ought not to appear to be at the shoulders. The figure should resemble the pear on the tree,—

"Winding gently to the waist."

Of these matters, and of the bosom, it is difficult to speak: but *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. This article is written neither for the prudish nor the meretricious; but for those who have a genuine love of the beautiful, and can afford to hear of it. It is not the poets and other indulgers in a lively sense of the beautiful, that are deficient in a respect for it; but they who suppose that every lively expression must of necessity contain a feeling of the gross and impertinent. I do not regard these graces, as they pass in succession before me, with the coarse and cunning eye of a rake at a tavern-door. I will venture to say that I am too affectionate and even voluptuous for such a taste; and that the real homage I pay the sex deserves the very best construction of the most amiable women, and will have it:—

"Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right  
In all that is called lovely. Take my sight  
Sooner than my affection from the fair.  
No face, no hand, proportion, line, or air  
Of Beauty, but the muse hath interest in."

Ben Jonson.

A bosom is most beautiful when it presents none of the extremes which different tastes have demanded for it. Its only excess should be that of health. This is not too likely to occur in a polite state of society. Modern customs and manners too often leave to the imagination the task of furnishing out the proper quantity of beauty, where it might have existed in perfection. And a tender imagination will do so. The only final ruin of a bosom in an affectionate eye, is the want of a good heart. Nor shall the poor beauty which the mother has retained by dint of being no mother, be lovely as the ruin. O sentiment! Beauty is but the outward and visible sign of thee; and not always there, where thou art most. Thou canst supply her place when she is gone. Thou canst remain, and still make an eye sweet to look into; a bosom beautiful to rest the heart on.

A favourite epithet with the Greek poets, lyrical, epic, and dramatic, is *deep-bosomed*. Mr Moore, in one of his notes on Anacreon, says, that it literally means *full-bosomed*. But surely it literally means what it literally says. *Full-bosomed* might imply a luxuriance every way. *Deep-bosomed* is spoken in one of those poetical feelings of contrast, which imply rather a dislike of the reverse quality, than an extravagant demand of the one which is praised. If it is to be understood more literally, still the taste is to be vindicated. A Greek meant to say, that he admired a chest truly feminine. It is to be concluded, that he also demanded one left to its natural state, as it appeared among the healthiest and loveliest of his countrywomen; neither compressed, as it was by the fine ladies; nor divided and divorced in that excessive manner, which some have accounted beautiful.\* It was certainly nothing contradictory to grace and activity which he demanded.

"Crown me then, I'll play the lyre,  
Bacchus, underneath thy shade:  
Heap me, heap me, higher and higher;  
And I'll lead a dance of fire,  
With a dark, deep-bosom'd maid."

Anacreon, Ode v.

The ladies ought to understand the spirit of epithets like these: for the tight-lacing and other extravagances, of which they are too justly accused, originated in a desire, not to make the waist so preposterously small as they do make it, but to convey to their admirers a general sense of the beauty of smallness in that particular, and their own consciousness of the grace of it.

*Rosy-bosom'd* is another epithet in the Greek taste. Milton speaks in 'Comus' of

"The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours."

Virgil says of Venus,

— "She said,  
And turn'd, refulgent with a rosy neck."†

\* See an epigram in the Greek Anthology, beginning

"Εκμαίνει χροὶν μὴ ποδοκρυα, ποικιλομυθῶν."

† "Dixit; et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit."

"O'er her warm neck and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of  
Love;"—Gray.

which is a couplet made up of this passage in Virgil and another. Virgil follows the Greeks, and the Greeks followed Nature. All this bloom and rosy refulgence, which are phrases of the poets, mean nothing more than that healthy colour which ought to appear in the finest skin. See the next section of this paper, upon Hands and Arms.

A writer in the Anthology makes use of the pretty epithet, "*vernal-bosom'd*." The most delicate painting of a vernal bosom is in Spenser:

"And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,  
And at her back a bow and quiver gay  
Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quell'd  
The salvage beasts in her victorious play,  
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay  
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide  
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in May,  
Now little gan to swell; and being tied,  
Through their thin weeds their places only signified."

Dryden copies after Spenser, but not with such refinement. His passage, however, is so beautiful, and has a gentleness and movement so much to the purpose, that I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it. He is describing Boccaccio's heroine in the story of 'Cymon and Iphigenia':—

"By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,  
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;  
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,  
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,  
By which an alabaster fountain stood:  
And on the margin of the fount was laid  
Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid;  
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with sport,  
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.  
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,  
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,  
Than by the charming features of her face,  
And e'en in slumber a superior grace.  
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,  
Her body shaded with a slight cymar,  
Her bosom to the view was only bare;  
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,  
For yet their places were but signified.  
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows;  
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;  
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her  
repose."

This beautiful conclusion, with its repetitions, its play to and fro, and the long continuous line with which it terminates, is delightfully soft and characteristic. The beauty of the sleeper and of the landscape mingle with one another. The wind and the bosom are gentle challengers.

"Each softer seems than each, and each than each  
seems smoother."

Spenser's *Britain's Ida*.

Even the turn of the last triplet is imitated from Spenser.—See the divine passage of the concert in the 'Bower of Bliss, Faery Queen,' book ii, canto 12, stanza 71. "The sage and serious Spenser," as Milton called him, is a great master of the beautiful in all its branches. He also knew, as well as any poet, how to help himself to beauty out of others. The former passage imitated by Dryden was, perhaps, suggested by one in Boccaccio.† The simile of "young fruit in May" is undoubtedly from Ariosto.

"Bianca neve è il bel collo, e 'l petto latte;  
Il collo tondo, il petto colmo e largo:  
Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,  
Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo,  
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte."

Orlan. Fur. Canto 7.

"Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow;  
A rounded neck; a bosom, where you see  
Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,  
Like waves that on the shore beat tenderly,  
When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro."

\* Επαρομφοσ.

† L'Ameto, as above, p. 31, 33.

But Ariosto has been also to Boccaccio, and he to Theocritus; in whom, I believe, this fruitful metaphor is first to be met with. It is very suitable to his shepherds, living among the bowers of Sicily.—See 'Idyl' xxvii, v. 49. Sir Philip Sidney has repeated it in the 'Arcadia.' But poets in all ages have drawn similar metaphors from the gardens. 'Solomon's Song' abounds in them. There is a hidden analogy, more than poetical, among all the beauties of Nature.

I quit this tender ground, prepared to think very ill of any person who thinks I have said too much of it. Its beauty would not allow me to say less; but not the less do I "with reverence deem" of those resting-places for the head of love and sorrow—

"Those dainties made to still an infant's cries."

## LODORÉ.

THE NEW NOVEL BY MRS SHELLEY.

We congratulate Mrs Shelley on the appearance of this her latest and most agreeable work. It has not the inventive genius of 'Frankenstein.' That is a thing to happen only once in many years. But then it is not mixed up, like that work, with matter of doubtful attraction; neither has it the uneasiness of her subsequent novels, either in story or style. Her spirits appear not to have been well settled when she wrote those novels, and, from not being perhaps quite in earnest, her style was overwrought. Nothing can be more agreeable, yet forcible, than the language of the production before us. Mrs Shelley has a decided

ear for the musical in writing. Even the name of her work, we suspect, was selected merely from its noble and harmonious sound; for it has nothing to do with its namesake the lake, though the "falls" of Lodore are something analogous to her hero's grand and impetuous spirit, and his proneness to mingle with his mother earth. There is a good deal of pain and sorrow in the book, as will be guessed by this allusion to the principal character; but then it is relieved, as life is, by charming contrasts of pleasure, and patience, and contentment; the most painful of the characters, not being fools, grow better and kinder as they grow older; and above all, though everybody does not end happily, yet the book itself does; and the salutary impression is left upon the reader, that effort is not in vain, nor life a thing ignoble and cheerless. Furthermore, the work has more unexpected yet natural turns of incident than any we have seen for a long time; we read it, without intermission, and with gratified curiosity, at what might be called one sitting, making allowance for a night's rest, and awoke next morning, like the Sultan, anxious to hear how the lady "continued." It is interesting to see Mrs Shelley quote her husband so often at the top of her chapters; and though her characters are laid in high life, and she makes the best of the conventionalities, yet she sympathises with the truly great world throughout, not merely the little great world of St James's. She has even ventured, in the spirit of the novelists of the last century, to put her favourite hero and heroine, a married couple, into a lock-up house, which, with the beautiful self-sufficiency of youth and love, and in spite of frightful cares, they convert into a *pro tempore* bower of bliss. We only think she has done Lady Mary Wortley a little too much honour in quoting her on the occasion; for though "champagne and a chicken" are very good things, and "lips though rosy (as the poet says) must still be fed," yet Mrs Shelley's lovers, true to nature as they are, are truer also to sentiment than any which Lady Mary ever fancied.



or could comprehend; and would hardly have enumerated such things as part of the climax of a happy meeting. It is curious, by the way, how capitally well the two cousins jumped together in that particular,—Lady Mary and Fielding;—for he was her kinsman, and is mightily fond of making his lovers eat and drink. We are not sure whether the verses in which she speaks of meeting

“— With champagne and a chicken at last”

were not addressed to him. Or was it to Congreve? another gentleman, not overburdened with the sentimental?

Next week we shall give our extracts.

#### PAPAL AUTHORIZATION OF A PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT ROME.

[THE Reader is aware that nothing controversial is admitted into the pages of the LONDON JOURNAL; but the principle of excluding discord is the one above all others which should throw open our columns to any remarkable instance of the advancement of knowledge and charity; and we accordingly extract from a late publication the following account of the rise and establishment of the Protestant English Church at Rome. It constitutes the Preface to a learned and interesting volume, intitled ‘Lectures on the Insufficiency of Unrevealed Religion, &c., by the Rev. Richard Burgess, the chaplain to the English Protestants in that city;’ and presents, in the very best and most fitting spirit on the part of the benevolent author, the novel, delightful, and most promising spectacle of a Protestant church permitted, nay, directly authorized, by the Papal sovereign, and distributing its charities alike to Protestant, Papist, and Jew. If this is not a truly Christian spectacle, we know not what is. It is a gentle and unpretending, but on that very account a striking set-off to the unhappy attempts which some persons are making to excite a new life in the embers of old hostilities; and we have a very special pleasure in forwarding the publicity of it for that reason:—]

THE existence (says Mr Burgess) of a Protestant chapel at Rome, where the service of the Church of England is regularly performed during six months of the year, is of itself a circumstance worthy of attention; for, whether it be viewed as a striking instance of religious toleration, coming in an unexpected direction, or as the means of softening those prejudices which the comprehensive term of heretic conveys to the vulgar, it cannot fail to be an object of interest to everyone who espouses the cause of civil and religious liberty. The institution is already known to a considerable number of British subjects, who will know how to appreciate the concession which prepared for them the privilege of joining in the public worship of the Church of England at Rome; but it is far from being generally understood that such an act of liberality has proceeded from the council of the Vatican. The author thinks, that every example of religious toleration, come from what quarter it may, is an accession to the cause of truth; and, if there be any merit in those who have overcome prejudice, or who have even made their policy conformable to means which may enable others so to do, it is due to them to acknowledge and commend such liberality in the face of civilized society; for religious toleration, not otherwise than mercy, “is twice blessed:” it blesses those that give, and those that take. If it be necessary to declare a motive for the publication of the following Lectures, which were not originally intended for the press, the author had rather such motive were discovered in the sentiments he has just expressed, than in any opinion he might be supposed to have of the merits of his composition; for the only thing remarkable he has to offer in his Lectures

is, that they were delivered in a Protestant assembly at Rome. It might have been thought too gratuitous in the author to have put forth any statement of the following nature without some additional inducement, but as an introduction to these Lectures, it will hardly appear superfluous—perhaps it is necessary.

The English chapel may now be considered as having the sanction of the Papal government, although no official grant has yet been made which would ever acknowledge its existence.

As early as the winter of 1816-7, English families began to reside in Rome, in sufficient numbers to require “an house” for public worship: considerable difficulty was then experienced in procuring an apartment to be dedicated to such a purpose: the object was new, alarming, and contrary to the existing laws; but at length, through the influence of Signor Luigi Chiaveri, to whom the English have often been indebted for his kind offices in this respect, a private room was obtained, near the column of Trajan: and thus began the service of the reformed Church of England in the “Holy City!” The duties were discharged by any clergyman who, happening to be present, had the zeal to offer his gratuitous services: the necessary expenses were defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the congregation, and the slender funds administered by the kindness of Lieutenant-General Ramsay.

As no permission had been obtained from the authorities (for such a demand must necessarily have been met by a refusal), the new “conventicle” owed its existence intirely to the forbearance of the government. But it was not clear whether such mildness might not soon have to yield to the more austere interpreters of the law, and it is said, that the attention of a high dignitary, attracted by the concourse of vehicles during divine service, had nearly proved fatal. There can indeed be no doubt that some representation was formally made of the illegality and danger of permitting such an unheard-of assembly, and a word from the Vatican at that moment might have dissolved the elements of it without doing much violence to the opinion of any one. The enlightened and liberal Gonsalvi, however, perceiving that the English were at Rome in the nineteenth century, and Catholic Ireland still laboured under civil disabilities, would know nothing of an illegal assembly in the Forum of Trajan, and that assembly duly appreciated his liberality.

It is not to be supposed there was any intention, on the part of the civil authorities, to introduce the principle of religious toleration into the city of Rome: such a supposition would be little less than an impeachment of the minister: nor did the appearance of a new kind of worship work wonders in the sentiments of the listless multitude; but it had the effect of making some of them suspect that heresy, according to the definition they had heard of it, might not be altogether synonymous with infidelity, and the very circumstance of choosing a “festival” (Sunday) for the day of worship, showed at least some traces of church authority. It was soon discovered by the most intelligent of the lower orders, to which, of course, these remarks apply, that the English had a sort of mass of their own, and the solemnity observable in their manner of attending to it was archly compared with the careless genuflections of the Roman Signori. In this manner the forbearance of the government was transfused into the minds of such of the populace as thought at all on the subject: it was not provided that it should be so; it was a natural consequence. During the first two or three seasons, such may be considered to have been the secret moral influence of the English congregation; and the most zealous guardians of pontifical authority had nothing to fear, and, it is to be hoped never will have, from any overt acts of proselytism on the part of the officiating ministers. The protection afforded to the new congregation, although but a negative one, had been hitherto sufficient for all practical purposes; but it was still equivocal, and when the old apartment could no longer be procured, it was not possible to induce a private individual to incur the responsibility of

becoming the new landlord; the displeasure of the authorities might be incurred. There was something, which still required explanation, a public assembly of this nature, in the house of a Roman citizen, might cause him to be placed at the bar of the Inquisition;\* at the same time a semi-official intimidation was given, that great caution and privacy should be observed by the English in the exercise of their privilege; it would, however, have required a very vigorous execution of the law to prevent a foreigner, who had already his “own hired house,” from inviting his countrymen to a private assembly: and under this form (it must be confessed a pretext) divine service was celebrated in a commodious room in the Vicolo degli Avignonesi, situated near the site of the ancient circus of Flora! Thus did the Protestant congregation migrate from Trajan’s Forum to the opposite declivity of the Quirinal Hill. The privacy suggested by the secretary of state was, perhaps, the best method of co-operating with his benevolent intentions; a motive less dignified may not be imputed to the virtuous mind of Pope Pius VII. At that period it would not have been difficult to outrage the feelings of many devout, plebeians by an over-ready sanction of the nonconformity. Evident marks of pious indignation had been more than once observed in the populace at the sight of the Protestant bier; and although the more enlightened portion of the community were far from joining in this display of superstition, it shows that, if a less liberal policy with regard to the English worship had been adopted by the Government, it would not have been at variance with the then popular feeling: that it was not adopted does honour to the memory of Pius VII and his minister. But ten years have been sufficient to change that feeling as much in favour of the institution, as ever it could be against the precarious assembly: and it is now perhaps regarded by that same populace as the surest pledge of those advantages which they expect to reap from the presence of the English.

In the Autumn of the year 1822, the author first took a share in endeavouring to promote the welfare of the establishment. It was his good fortune to meet on that occasion with a reverend person, now, alas, no more! but whose name is intitled to hold the chief place in this narration. Whatever benefit may finally result from the Institution in question (and it is only intended to speak here of that benefit which consists in a mutual removal of religious strife and prejudice, in which Rome will surely be the gainer), the name of the Rev. Joseph Cooke, is continually to be kept in remembrance.† By his zeal, tempered with discretion and judgment, and by his exertions (in which the author of the following Lectures took but a small part), two essential steps were taken and secured: first, an apartment was hired, avowedly for the celebration of Divine Service; and, secondly, the connivance of the authorities was made equivalent to a sanction. The English worship then first assumed the nature of an establishment: it was held in the Corea Palace, situated in the Via Pontifice, close to the Mausoleum of Augustus. The number of winter residents had now greatly augmented, the congregation consisting of not less than 200 persons, and the assemblage of equipages could not fail to attract the attention of the public.

\* This word must not be allowed to convey to the reader any false notions. The inquisition at Rome (although contrary in principle to all our ideas of religious liberty) is, at this time, a mild tribunal in its administration; some cases of injustice there must necessarily be, but it is of no use to deal in misrepresentation.

† Mr Cooke (late fellow of Christ’s College, Cambridge,) was a man of great literary accomplishments, mingled with solid piety, and devotion to his profession. His ardent pursuit of knowledge led him to undertake a journey into the East, in 1825, and he appears to have sunk under the fatigue of it; he died suddenly whilst sitting upon his dromedary, in a mountain-pass, called Ras Wady Hebran, about half-way between the Convent of St Catherine and Tor, five miles north of Mount Serbal. He was interred by a Greek Papas, in consecrated ground, near the Twelve Wells of Min and the Palm Grove. May this tribute of respect for the memory of a good man survive the fleeting pages which contain it!

It was not long before a cry of alarm was raised amidst these proceedings, and the infant institution again trembled for its existence. The officiating ministers were accused of intemperate zeal, a conference was held with an influential personage, and a positive interference of the executive power was now apprehended. This led to the formation of a committee, to be called upon in case of necessity, to act in the name and in behalf of the English residents; there being no diplomatic minister at the court of Rome. But the policy and good sense of Cardinal Gonsalvi were proof against all weak remonstrances, and it was at length intimated to the officiating ministers, that no obstacle would be offered to their temperate proceedings. Encouraged by this protection, Mr Cooke, by means of a public subscription, procured the necessary appendages for a place of worship: the church books could only be obtained through the kindness of Mr Hamilton, British minister at Naples; a beadle was also appointed, with authority to collect the subscriptions, and thus the winter of 1822-3 may be regarded as the commencement of the institution.

The attention of the Protestants resident at Rome had already been directed to the waste-ground allotted for burying their dead. Beyond the Aventine Mount, and under the walls of the city within, stood a few scattered tomb-stones exposed to the trampling of cattle grazing in the *Prata del Popolo*, and to the still greater injury of human footsteps. Decency seemed to require that the graves which had just grown green should be secured from further encroachment, and that the few monuments should not be allowed to fall into ruins. A subscription to a considerable amount was collected, for the purpose of carrying the design into effect; but, upon application to the competent authorities, it was alleged, that a wall would obstruct the view of the pyramid of *Caius Cestius*; and that the trees, which the friends of the deceased loved to plant round the tombs, had already begun the mischief. This answer being received, and no further hopes of success held out, the money subscribed was returned to the original donors, and the circumstance made an unfavourable impression abroad, of the toleration of the Papal Government. In a discussion of the Catholic claims in the House of Lords, a noble lord, an opposer of those claims, was not slow to cite this as a remarkable instance of Roman Catholic intolerance. It is not clear that it was so; but the act of toleration in permitting the English service, which was evident, ought not to have been passed over in silence: it, perhaps, might not have been known. The discussion in the British Senate was not, however, unheeded in the Vatican council; for, during that very summer, and intirely at the expense of the "Apostolic Chamber," a sunk fence was dug round the old burial-place; another eligible spot of ground beyond the Pyramid was surrounded by a solid wall, and henceforth assigned for the Protestant cemetery. It only remained to secure and build up the sunk fence, for which work permission was now readily obtained, and the year following, the English, in conjunction with the German Protestants, not only secured the old burial-ground, but also raised a fund of a thousand dollars, which yields annually a sum sufficient to keep the whole in repair, and procure the services of a sexton. "The Senate and the Roman people" have a prescriptive right over all that ground about the Monte Testaccio, called the *Prata del Popolo*; a fee of about two pounds is, therefore, demanded for every interment which takes place. No one will be inclined to consider this extravagant; but the fine (amounting to an equal sum) which is paid into the criminal court of the Cardinal Vicar, awakens a different feeling, and will, no doubt, be abolished, whenever the government of Rome shall have leisure to attend to minor abuses. In the meantime, the cemetery is placed under the protection of the Prussian minister; and those who have to lament the loss of friends interred under the walls of Rome, may at least have this poor consolation, that their bones repose in a becoming security, and their monuments

excite a sympathetic sigh in the breast of many a northern pilgrim!

In the year following the grant of the new burial-ground, the author had the great satisfaction of again co-operating with Mr Cooke, in the service of the chapel: it was found impracticable to secure the same apartments for a second season, the apprehension of giving offence to the ecclesiastical authorities having not yet been done away. The excellent Pius VII was now no more, and Leo XII had only appeared as a disciplinarian. After the two first Sundays of the season, the term in the *Corea Palace* expired, and the congregation of 1823-4, seemed to be dispossessed of all its former privileges. But the precedent having been established, should another situation be to be found in any part of Rome, it could not be thought a more rash experiment than the former had been, were it put in the same requisition. After some difficulty, two commodious rooms were procured in the *Via Rasella*, a street which lies nearly under the garden-wall of the *Quirinal Palace*, the occasional residence of the Pope. The adopting of this situation will appear nothing extraordinary to those who are acquainted with Rome: and if the new government had been capable of taking offence at a meeting of heretics, because it had approached so near the precincts of the Papal gardens, it would equally have discovered the blemish upon the "holy city" in a more remote "rine;" but Leo XII, whose wisdom as a sovereign has been too little appreciated, and his piety too much disparaged, reasoned like a statesman. "It is much better," said the Holy Father, "to permit the continuance of this assembly; for, if it be prohibited, the English cannot be prevented from meeting in small numbers at their own private abodes, and thus, instead of one such congregation, we shall have twenty." It had not, probably, escaped the notice of Leo XII, that the English chapel had not yet shared in those wholesome regulations which were introduced by him, for preserving the internal order of the city. The weekly assemblage of carriages at a stated time and place, could not fail to attract the curiosity of the Roman people, which the presence of a police-officer might easily restrain. Without any application on the part of the officiating clergyman, and without any previous intimation from any quarter, Mr Cooke and the author were not more surprised than rejoiced to find, upon arriving to perform the morning service, two sentinels stationed at the chapel door. The carriages had all disappeared from their usual rendezvous, in consequence of a general order of the police: a more than common silence pervading the neighbourhood of the *Via Rasella*, it was now evident the authorities had at length interfered; but they interfered for the protection of the English congregation. To Pope Leo XII then they are indebted for this great privilege, which may be said to have thus received his sanction in January 1824. Thus encouraged, and being assured from a private communication, that it was the intention of the government to allow the English the free exercise of their worship, the officiating ministers now performed Divine service in their canonical robes. The propriety of making some suitable return for this privilege was next suggested, and hence the origin of the charitable fund, which will be mentioned in the sequel.

The spiritual duties of the chapel were gratuitously discharged, and all clergymen of the Established Church, who happened to be Rome, were invited to contribute their services: the rent of the apartment and incidental expenses were supplied by voluntary subscription, the administration of which fund gradually became the business of the committee, which had been originally formed for the purposes before-mentioned. The author cannot let pass this opportunity of acknowledging the important and continued exertions of the Marquis of Northamp-

\* Two English poets are interred in the Old and New Burial grounds respectively. John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley: the ashes of the latter were sent by his poetical friends from the gulf of Spezia.

ton, and the laudable services of Dr James Clarke, (author of the 'Influence of Climate,' &c.) during his long residence in Rome.

The number of British travellers in Italy increased so greatly, that the rooms in the *Via Rasella* were far from being sufficiently large for the Protestant Anglo-Roman congregation, nor was their site one of the most convenient. Accordingly, in the year 1824-5, the committee exerted itself to find a place at once more appropriate and more permanent: it was desirable to fix the wandering congregation, which had now almost made the circuit of the *Campus Martius*. During the first few weeks of the season, the anxiety of former years was renewed; but at length, after diligent inquiry, the capacity of a chapel was discovered in a large granary near the *Porta del Popolo*: it became expedient to have a lease of a building which must needs be fitted up at a considerable expense, before it could answer the purpose. The income, however, necessary for defraying the yearly rent, depending on the contingency of future congregations, there were no funds to answer any engagement beyond the year. The committee was relieved from this embarrassment by the generous and patriotic offer of a distinguished statesman, who guaranteed the payment of the rent for three years in case of the English ceasing, from any unforeseen cause, during that period, to resort to Rome. The institution was not less indebted on that occasion to the professional services of the Rev. J. Hugh Rose.

It has been supposed by many, that the chapel was removed without the walls of the city at the instance of the civil authorities, which is an erroneous notion, and ought in justice to be corrected. The government approved of the situation, but the committee were not controlled in choice of it. Indeed, it would have been hardly possible to have procured, within the city walls, a room sufficiently commodious, and in every other respect so convenient for the large congregation, which is now to be seen in the English chapel, upon which, at different periods, not less than a sum of 250*l.* has been expended in bringing it to its present form. The author has witnessed as many as five hundred and fifty persons within its walls; and those who have seen it since the year 1829, will agree that there is nothing wanting in it for all the purposes of a Church of England congregation.

During the two succeeding winters the duties of the chapel were discharged, as before, by the gratuitous services of clergymen casually resident at Rome; but, in the year 1827, the committee decided to ensure the performance of the regular duty by erecting it into a chaplaincy, their finances enabling them to offer a salary of 100*l.* per annum.

In considering the happy influence gradually effected in the minds of the common people by the growth of this institution, the charitable fund already alluded to is an important feature. It consisted at first of the alms collected at the holy communion, which, in the former seasons, amounted to a comparatively small sum. In Mr Cooke's first year, the sum total was about 150 dollars; it increased every succeeding season, together with the number of communicants, until it reached, in the year 1826 and 1827, the sum of 100*l.* Cases of distressed British subjects being very rare at Rome, the whole of this fund was applied to the relief of the Italian paupers; in 1827 and 1828 it grew into still greater importance.

The number of applicants, as may be easily imagined, was by far too heavy for the funds: about 200 names were already inscribed in the list, which reduced the monthly relief to a very small pittance, so that, without either diminishing the number of pensioners, or increasing the funds for a more generous relief of the whole, the charity was in danger of promoting mendicancy, rather than adapted to the effectual succour of the deserving indigent, and the encouragement of honest industry. It was only necessary to make the circumstances known to decide upon the alternative. The chaplain had recourse to the means of a charity sermon,



which was preached on the 30th of March 1828, and was the cause of nearly 120*l.* being added to the stock. The alms collected at the altar were proportionally increased, so that in the course of this season about 1200 dollars (270*l.*) were distributed in monthly relief: and this, independently of private donations, in some special cases, which did not appear upon the charity books. The rumour of English munificence now ran through the habitations of misery, the Parish priests were assailed for their official signatures to the numerous petitions, which set forth, in all the varied eloquence of the Italian language, the miseries of poverty and disease. The successful candidates extolled too highly the "almsgiving nation," and gave the less fortunate false notions of its eleemosynary deeds. The rule to be observed by the administrators of the funds was simple. It was to calculate how many families might be effectually relieved during the winter months, and then make the selection from such recommendations and knowledge of the cases, as made out the best title to their consideration, the names already on the list having of course the first claim to investigation; but since written recommendations were sometimes too easily procured, the chaplain, whose business it had now become to dispense the charity of his congregation, could hardly discharge the duty conscientiously without a personal verification of the varied pretensions; to accomplish which task it was necessary to visit one hundred and fifty abodes of poverty. In this manner the charity books were made conformable to the increased resources, and, by a careful distribution, the whole was adequate to the relief of about two hundred and thirty families. This may suffice, without entering into "the annals of the poor," or the affecting narratives of decayed nobility, to give the reader an idea of the nature and extent of British charity at Rome. Let him not say that it "begins at home;" for this will not add one gift more to the domestic "treasury," and it might take one from the "poveri vergognosi;" let him lament (if it seems reasonable) the temporary absence of his fellow-citizens; but if the Samaritan *does* "journey in the wilderness," it is better not to imitate the priest and the Levite: and if it be expedient for a strange community, enjoying the advantages of a foreign country, and receiving the hospitable protection of its government, to make any return, there can be none more suitable than when partaking of the local privileges, to share proportionally the burden of alleviating the local distresses.

In the year 1828-9, the sum-total of the charity-fund fell a little short of the preceding year, and since that period it has, from unavoidable circumstances, decreased, nor can it ever be expected to exceed the year of the first charity sermon, if even it ever reaches an equal amount. But it has already procured the only recompense which was at all desirable for a Protestant congregation—a number of grateful souls have come to the conclusion, that the English must really be Christians; nor is it one of the least remarkable things, that the Jews should be admitted to a share of this charity. A learned rabbi, encouraged by the impartial benevolence of the English congregation, represented to the author the misery and poverty of the Ghetto, and wondered whether the despised Jews could ever find a drop of pity in the breast of a Christian. Upon being told, that in the dispensing of the English charity there was no distinction of persons, and that the superior claim only came from the greater weight of misery, the Israelite rejoiced, and considered the sum of five pounds given during the week of the Passover as an ample confirmation of "the good report:" this was repeated in subsequent years, and the English bounty was dispensed, in unleavened bread, through the squalid habitations of this unprivileged people.

If the incidents here related appear trifling, the result is at least extraordinary—a Protestant cemetery, a Church of England service, and a charitable fund, dispensed at a reformed altar, to the devoted subjects of the "Sovereign Pontiff."

Those who are curious about the signs of the times, will easily admit these into the number; but the

philosophical reader, who has contemplated the spirit of a Hildebrand, or even the precocious tolerance of a Ganganelli, will rather see in it this maxim, that neither kings nor priests have power against the general opinion of mankind: concession to that opinion may be mere expediency, whilst the principle of opposition to it remains the same; but such expediency is, in matters of state-policy, wisdom; and, in religion, becomes—toleration. The object of this memoir is to acknowledge the latter in four successive Pontiffs of Rome. Under these impressions, the author will not run the risk of offending either Rome or her "partisans." He will only express a hope, that the emulation which has been excited in the vicinity of the English congregation may never go beyond the only legitimate means of opposition, viz. argument and persuasion: nor will it, on the other hand, ever be expected to restrain the weaker portion of a community from gratifying an innocent curiosity.

#### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXIX.—THE BATTLE FOR THE BRIDES.

[THIS is the story upon which Mr Rogers has founded one of the elegant narratives in his volume of 'Italy.' War never looked more amiable. It is Mars with a bunch of lilies in his hand. We take it from two agreeable, and, let us add, most pleasantly portable volumes (no mean comfort to one who reads much), intitled 'Sketches from Venetian History,' published by Murray, and containing, among other illustrations, an interesting bird's-eye view of the most extraordinary of cities.]

Under Candiano II (Doge of Venice in the tenth century), occurred one of those events which vividly depict the manners of the age to which they belong; and which, though affecting individuals rather than a nation, excite, nevertheless, very powerful interest, and almost connect History with Romance. According to an ancient usage, the marriages among the chief families of Venice were celebrated publicly. The same day and the same hour witnessed the union of numerous betrothed; and the eve of the Feast of the Purification, on the return of which the Republic gave portions to twelve young maidens, was the reason of this joyous anniversary. It was to Olivolo, the residence of the Patriarch, on the extreme verge of the city, that the ornamented gondolas repaired on this happy morning. There, hailed by music and the gratulations of their assembled kindred, the lovers disembarked; and the festive pomp—swelled by a long train of friends, richly clad, and bearing with them, in proud display, the jewels and nuptial presents of the brides—proceeded to the cathedral. The pirates of Istria had long marked this peaceful show, as affording a rich promise of booty; for, at the time of which we are writing, the Arsenal and its surrounding mansions were not yet in existence. Olivolo was untenanted, except by priests; and its neighbourhood was intirely without inhabitants. In these deserted spots, the corsairs laid their ambush the night before the ceremony; and while the unarmed and unsuspecting citizens were yet engaged in the marriage rites before the altar, a rude and ferocious troop burst the gates of the cathedral. Not content with seizing the costly ornaments which became their prize, they tore away also the weeping and heart-broken brides, and hurried them to their vessels. The Doge had honoured the festival with his presence, and, deeply touched by the rage and despair of the disappointed bridegrooms, he summoned the citizens to arms. Hastily assembling such gallies as were in the harbour, they profited by a favourable wind, and overtook the ravishers before they were extricated from the *Laquore* of Caorlo. Candiano led the attack, and such was its fury, that not a single Istriote escaped the death which he merited. The maidens were brought back in triumph; and, on the evening of the same day, the interrupted rites were solemnized with joy, no doubt much heightened by a remembrance of the peril which had so well nigh prevented their com-

pletion. The memory of this singular event was kept alive by an annual procession of Venetian women on the Eve of the Purification, and by a solemn visit paid by the Doge to the church of Santa Maria Formosa. The trunk-makers (*carsellari*) of the island on which the above-named church stands, composed the greater part of the crew hastily collected on this occasion; and Candiano, as a reward for their bravery, asked them to demand some privilege. They requested this annual visit to their island.

"What," said the Prince, "if the day should prove rainy?"

"We will send you hats to cover your heads; and if you are thirsty, we will give you drink."

To commemorate this question and reply, the Priest of Santa Maria was used to offer to the Doge, on landing, two flasks of malmsey, two oranges, and two hats, adorned with his own armorial bearings, those of the Pope, and those of the Doge. The Marian Games (*La Festa delle Marie*), of which this *andata* formed part, and which lasted for six days, continued to be celebrated until they were interrupted by the public distress during the war of Chiorra. They were renewed, two hundred years afterwards, with yet greater pomp; but of the time at which they fell into total disuse we are unable to speak.

#### THE WEEK.

##### PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

FILIPPO MARIA VISCONTI, DUKE OF MILAN.

[FROM the same source as our 'Romance' of the present week. Perhaps we ought to apologize for putting such a being among our 'Eminent Men;' but eminent he was, in the literal sense of the word, and counted wise, too, as far as a bad-blooded and unhappy man could be so; and the account of him is very curious.]

THE personal habits of this last Duke of the house of Visconti (who died in 1447) have been drawn with singular minuteness, by one accurately qualified for the task, Pietro Candido Decembrio, a son of the private Secretary of Giovanni Galeazzo, and who himself filled more than one high office in the court of Filippo Maria. The character which he has described, presents an odious mixture of cunning, superstition, and cowardice; paralleled, in many instances, by one whose biography has been almost as closely recorded, the detestable Louis XI of France.

The person of Filippo Maria was most forbidding, and extreme meagreness in youth was succeeded, as life advanced, by a more than proportionate obesity. His eyes were large, fiery and piercing, ever wandering with a restless glare, as if unable or unwilling to continue long fixed in repose on a single object. From weakness in his legs, he always employed a stick, and, during his whole reign, no one ever saw him walking without the support of an attendant. Although choice in the richness and fashion of his clothes, he was negligent, even to uncleanness, in the processes of shaving and combing. In other persons he abhorred any splendour of attire, and forbade those who used it from approaching his presence: insomuch, that when, on one occasion, Anadeus, a Piedmontese Prince, connected with him by marriage, presented himself at an audience, in a fantastic mode borrowed from the French, and at that time very prevalent among personages of distinction, the Duke of Milan ordered his Forester to bring up some hounds strapped in those doublets which were worn for protection in the wild boar chase, and pointed in derision to the leathern-girt dogs as fitting mates for his tightly apparelled visitor. In his diet he was most whimsical: turnips and quails were among his

chief luxuries; yet, such was his detestation of fat, that every morsel of it was carefully pared away from the latter before they were dressed. But the livers of all animals formed his choicest dainties, and his cook was frequently summoned in the dead of night to kill a calf and prepare that favourite repast. The fowls destined for his table were generally plucked in his presence. His chief amusements were field-sports, and so retentive was his memory on subjects connected with the kennel and the stable, that he could tell the breed of a puppy but once seen, and knew accurately the number of bridles which he ought to find in his harness room. Many of his dogs were imported from Britain; yet, however passionately fond he might be of them and of his horses, to each he was a capricious and, sometimes, a cruel master: thus, if a hound committed a fault, he would dismount and flog him savagely with his own hand; if a horse neighed unseasonably, he would mutilate his tongue; and if the poor animal champed the bit, he would pull out his teeth. Within doors he occasionally employed himself in reading, for all the Visconti cultivated literature; and he had the good taste to prefer Livy, Dante, and Petrarch to most other writers. Yet not a few of his leisure hours were devoted to the inspection, perhaps to the actual management, of a puppet-show, upon which toy he had expended the great sum of 1,500 pieces of gold.

For the most part, however, he lived in close seclusion; and even his pages underwent a long discipline of tuition to qualify them for the moroseness and asceticism of their future master. They were separated from their families during two years, and exercised in silence and solitude under fitting governors, till they became accustomed to the melancholy court which they were about to enter. Clinging strongly to life, and contemplating its termination with alarm, Filippo Maria daily recounted to his physicians, with the minutest particularity, all circumstances affecting his health, listened with trembling anxiety to their reports in answer, and yielded implicit obedience even to their most frivolous prescriptions. All conversation which might bring death to mind was carefully avoided in his presence; and if the discourse at any time happened to involve any allusion to mortality, he shrank from it with manifest uneasiness. Even when bodily infirmity increased upon him, and when in his latter years he was afflicted with almost total blindness, so unwilling was he to expose that defect to observation, that his attendants were instructed to warn him secretly of all objects or persons near at hand, so that he might not inadvertently betray his want of sight. If he walked abroad, he appeared absorbed in incessant devotion, repeating prayers in a low voice, and counting them on his fingers; insomuch, that religion seemed with him not an acknowledgment of God's goodness, but a laborious propitiation of the divine wrath; and whenever his daily sum of prayer was in any part forgotten or curtailed, he endeavoured to compound for the omission by a proportionate excess of almsgiving, prompted not by charity, but by terror. His sleep was so uncertain and disturbed, that he frequently changed his couch thrice in the course of a single night, lying not in the ordinary manner lengthwise, but across it; or he rose and paced his chamber for many hours successively, with some of the attendants, who always watched in an ante-room. If his dreams had been evil, he prayed in tones scarcely audible, turning, at intervals, to each of the four cardinal points; and in order that the silence which he dreaded in his dark hours of sleeplessness might be broken, many night-birds were confined in the palace courts, whose screams were more grateful to his ears than uninterrupted stillness. A belief in judicial astrology was prevalent in his times, and he may be forgiven for addiction to a folly by which even the wise have been enslaved. It but little, therefore, surprises us to hear that he was a rigid Fatalist; that during conjunction, opposition, sextile, square and trine, he shut himself up in his cabinet, and denied audience even to his ministers; that he struck a golden medal, impressed with planetary cha-

acters, as a talisman against lightning; that he raised a double wall in his bed-chamber to protect himself against thunder; and that, during storms, he fell prostrate in a remote corner before an image of Santa Barbara. In those points he but shared superstitions common to his age; but we regard with equal astonishment, contempt, and pity, a Prince who thought it unlucky if he fastened his right shoe on his left foot; who on Friday dreaded the encounter of persons who were unshorn, and forbore on the same day from handling any bird, especially a quail; who would not mount a horse on the Feast of John the Baptist, nor wear any suit but green on the 1st of May; and who refused to eat on one occasion, till the dishes had been removed and replaced, because the sewer, while decking the table, had unwittingly approached it with the wrong foot foremost. Such, however, were a few of the anilities recorded of one who has been esteemed the most politic sovereign of his time; and who, if the wisdom of kings is to be graduated by no other scale than that of the mastery which they attain of simulation and dissimulation, abundantly merited the unenviable distinction which he coveted and enjoyed.

#### CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

NO. XVI.—KING LEAR.

[Concluded from last week.]

THE scene in the storm, where Lear is exposed to all the fury of the elements, though grand and terrible, is not so fine, but the moralising scenes with Mad Tom, Kent, and Gloucester, are upon a par with the former. His exclamation in the supposed trial-scene of his daughters, "See the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me," his issuing his orders, "Let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart," and his reflection when he sees the misery of Edgar, "Nothing but his unkind daughters could have brought him to this," are in a style of pathos, where the extremest resources of the imagination are called in to lay open the deepest movements of the heart, which was peculiar to Shakspeare. In the same style and spirit is his interrupting the Fool who asks, "whether a madman be a jeman or a yeoman," by answering "A king, a king!"

The indirect part that Gloucester takes in these scenes where his generosity leads him to relieve Lear and resent the cruelty of his daughters, at the very time that he is himself instigated to seek the life of his son, and suffering under the sting of his supposed ingratitude, is a striking accompaniment to the situation of Lear. Indeed, the manner in which the threads of the story are woven together is almost as wonderful in the way of art as the carrying on the tide of passion, still varying and unimpaired, is on the score of nature. Among the remarkable instances of this kind are Edgar's meeting with his old blind father; the deception he practises upon him when he pretends to lead him to the top of Dover cliff—"Come on, sir, here's the place," to prevent his ending his life and miseries together; his encounter with the perfidious Steward whom he kills, and his finding the letter from Gonerill to his brother upon him which leads to the final catastrophe, and brings the wheel of Justice "full circle home" to the guilty parties. The bustle and rapid succession of events in the last scenes is surprising. But the meeting between Lear and Cordelia is by far the most affecting part of them. It has all the wildness of poetry, and all the heartfelt truth of nature. The previous account of her reception of the news of his unkind treatment, her involuntary reproaches to her sisters, "Shame! ladies, shame!" Lear's backwardness to see his daughter; the picture of the desolate state to which he is reduced, "Alack, 'tis he; why he was met even now, as mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud," only prepare the way for and heighten our expectation of what follows, and assuredly this expectation is not disappointed when through the tender care of Cordelia he revives and recollects her.

"CORDELIA. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty!

LEAR. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

CORDELIA. Sir, do you know me?

LEAR. You are a spirit I know: when did you die?

CORDELIA. Still, still far wide!

PHYSICIAN. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I?—

Fair daylight?—

I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity, To see another thus.—I know not what to say.— I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see; I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd Of my condition.

CORDELIA. Oh, look upon me, sir, And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:— No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR. Pray, do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourscore and upward; Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks I should know you, and know this man; Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant What place this is; and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not Where I did lodge last night: do not laugh at me; For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA. And so I am, I am!"

Almost equal to this in awful beauty is their consolation of each other when, after the triumph of their enemies, they are led to prison.

"CORDELIA. We are not the first, Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst. For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.— Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

LEAR. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too.— Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;— And take upon us the mystery of things, As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out, In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDMUND. Take them away.

LEAR. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, The gods themselves throw incense."

The concluding events are sad, painfully sad; but their pathos is extreme. The oppression of the feelings is relieved by the very interest we take in the misfortunes of others, and by the reflections to which they give birth. Cordelia is hanged in prison by the orders of the bastard Edmund, which are known too late to be countermanded, and Lear dies broken-hearted, lamenting over her.

"LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? Oh, thou wilt come no more,

Never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir."

He dies, and indeed we feel the truth of what Kent says on the occasion—

"Vex not his ghost: Oh, let him pass! he hates him

That would upon the rack of this rough world Stretch him out longer."

Yet a happy ending has been contrived for this



play, which is approved of by Dr Johnson and condemned by Schlegel. A better authority than either, on any subject in which poetry and feeling are concerned, has given it in favour of Shakspeare, in some remarks on the acting of Lear, with which we shall conclude this account.

"The Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear;—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old!" What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony: it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the show-man of the scene, to draw it about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudger and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if, at his years and with his experience, anything was left but to die."

Four things have struck us in reading Lear:—

1. That poetry is an interesting study, for this reason, that it relates to whatever is most interesting in human life. Whoever therefore has a contempt for poetry, has a contempt for himself and humanity.

2. That the language of poetry is superior to the language of painting; because the strongest of our recollections relate to feelings, not to faces.

3. That the greatest strength of genius is shown in describing the strongest passions: for the power of the imagination, in works of invention, must be in proportion to the force of the natural impressions, which are the subject of them.

4. That the circumstance which balances the pleasure against the pain in tragedy is, that in proportion to the greatness of the evil, is our sense and desire of the opposite good excited: and that our sympathy with actual suffering is lost in the strong impulse given to our natural affections, and carried away with the swelling tide of passion, that gushes from and relieves the heart.

\* See an article, called 'Thessalia,' in the second volume of the 'Reflector,' by Charles Lamb.

## EPIGRAM, BY PTOLEMY.

Ὅτι δὲ θνητὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφ' αἵματος· ἀλλ' ὅταν  
ἄστυ  
Μαρίνου πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἑλικας,  
Οὐκ ἔτ' ἐπιψαύω ποσὶ γαίης, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ  
Ζανὶ διότερ' ἰός περὶ πλάμαι ἀμβροσίης·

I know that I am mortal, and belong  
To the vile sod I tread; yet when I raise  
My thoughts to heaven, and mingle in the throng  
Of worlds that labour in close-ravelled maze,—  
No longer then with the base earth I link,  
But am with Jove indeed amid his ways,—  
Share the same skies—from the same fountain  
drink.

E. W.

## FINE ARTS.

*Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours,  
Pall Mall East.*

If water colours have not the force, the vigour, and the richness of oils; if they are incapable of the same size, and depth, an exhibition of pictures in the former material has the advantage of being more easily made compact, and lying well for the eye; and of being without the oppressive scent of the latter. It is like park scenery, compared to the varying and larger grandeur of untamed Nature: if not so impressive, it is more easily attainable; if never so fine, it is more constantly pleasing, and more conveniently to be enjoyed. For these reasons, in one little room, with no very large pictures in it, is contained one of the best and most satisfactory of the London exhibitions.

Of all in London, the Water Colour Exhibition is the daintiest; small, select, conveniently hung, well arranged, with a running accompaniment of bench with a spacious back, well lighted,—it is the pleasantest of places in which to spend a couple of quiet, cheerful hours; ay, and to return to more than once. It is the temple of the most refined luxury—here are the beauties of England, France, Germany, and of happy Italy, brought into one little room. Here, with half an eye, may the town-bound man of business cast his weary eyes over the scenes of distant lands, and, in one smiling, cheering morn, obtain for his smoke-dimmed sight, the essence of a tour on the continent. The lawyer, engaged all day, with half-troubled indifference in stranger quarrels,—the dry-working banker, the heated politician, the anxious capitalist,—may all come here to cool their dried-up brains among Nature, and original beauty;—here is fitting ware for the gold of the man of taste;—here, may the bothered blockhead spend his ineffectual wealth, and not be told to repent it. Therefore, dear blockheads, and respected men of taste, hasten to Pall Mall East, and see, if among the pictures as yet unboasting of that wished-for token that marks them as "sold," there is not something, that seeing, you admire, admiring desire to keep, a constant solace for your "precious eyesight," as those who have lost always designate it. Go, all ye who struggle, and gain and lose money, and feeling, and happiness in this vast black city,—and as you go into that little room, see if you do not extend the contracted mouth, and draw a breath of satisfaction anticipatory of the pleasure to come. And, departing, mark if you do not carry with you, laid up in the deep recesses of your mind, a world of things to think of, to talk of,—to send others to see,—to see again; and though you are ever parted from the beloved shilling, do you not triumph in the consciousness that you have had its full worth in return? nay, if you are a man of business, you are, perchance, a thousand per cent gainer. That refreshing shower of Cox's has moistened your brain; bathing in the vigorous sea of Fielding, you have braced your nerves; basking in Barrett's sun, has warmed your wits; laughing at Hunt's humour has enlarged your philosophy, and given you an insight into character; altogether, you are put in fine condition, and your next bargain flourishes accordingly; and thus, many are the shillings which that one offered up to Apollo has sent you.

cordingly; and thus, many are the shillings which that one offered up to Apollo has sent you.

The collection this year is exceedingly good; the number of beautiful pictures that follow each other in close succession is truly surprising. The wonder of the set is Copley Fielding's picture of 'Bow Hill, Sussex' (151). With a pleasant painstaking, Mr Fielding has inserted the following full account of the place in the Catalogue:—"At Stoke, near Chichester, is a deep hollow in the Downs, immediately under Bow Hill, in the centre of which stands an ancient grove of venerable yews, so old, that many of them are supposed to have been growing long before the Conquest. Near this place a battle was fought between the Saxons and Norwegian ravagers, led by the Viking; and on the brow of the Downs are seen some large barrows, called the Tombs of the Sea Kings, who were slain in the conflict, remembrance of the event being perpetuated in the name of 'Kingly Bottom,' by which this little valley is known." This vast and kingly tomb is represented in full in Mr Fielding's picture, and a most beautiful picture it is. The dark and solemn grove of yews is relieved by the bright and soft hill; a gentle calmness is spread over the scene; the effect is broad and simple; but, from the truth and beauty of the colouring, the feeling, the sentiment of the treatment, and the force of the effect, it is one of the sweetest and finest pictures of the sweetest of water-colour painters. A pair of sea-pieces of his (64 and 74) are wonderful for the representation of the stir and mighty ferment of the elements. Hunt has some of his extraordinary and humorous fac-similes (79), an aspiring young artist, who has been drawing the figure of a man on his slate, when he should have been studying figures far different, and (86) the same boy, more exemplarily engaged in his proper work, are delightful for the truth, the fun and gusto, of the subject, merry and jolly, and of the unsurpassable artist. 'A Sailor Boy' (11), is a serious portrait, and full of very nice feeling, and skilful execution. 'Apple-blossoms' (307) and 'Grapes' (321), by the same, are very beautiful. There is a boy with a shrimp-net too;—by the by, is this arithmetical, laughing philosopher, our old friend, the vanquisher of that fair, and stout-walled pie, of last year, with a twelvemonth's growth added to his stature? we fancied we recognized his face 'Morning—Reaping—Plain of Stirling' (43), and 'Evening,—Harvest-home,—Plain of Stirling' (105); the landscapes by Barrett, the figures by Taylor, are charming. The rich and glowing sun, the peaceful and cheerful scene of the landscape painter, are well seconded by the brightly coloured and spirited figures of Taylor. A host of sunny pictures from Barrett's pencil enrich the walls. Excepting that we must, as usual, enter our protest against repeated and unsuccessful attempts to paint the naked and unendurable sun in the middle of a picture, they struck us as very clever and beautiful. Taylor's 'Crossing the Mountain Brook' (247), and 'Girl and Highland Stot—Scotch Rebellion' (268), are his best;—the former is very fresh and lusty, and freely drawn; the latter all life and frolic; both, like most of this artist's figure-pieces, are pleasantly coloured; though he is apt occasionally to fall into mannerisms.

To be continued next week.

TRANSLATION OF MR WEBB'S

## EPIGRAM, 'DE CRISPO.'

That Harry's sire was ill, the news had come,  
(A rich old grocer, worth at least a plum;)  
And death seemed likely, when the news was sent;  
Poor Harry grew most anxious for the event.  
When long he'd waited, and no letter came,  
"Why writes not Father," said he 'gan inquire,  
"Unless by Death prevented, he's to blame,  
But may I ne'er be forced to blame a sire."

ONE OF THE JENKINSSES.

REMARKS ON THE  
MODE OF HARNESSING HORSES ON  
THE CONTINENT.

(By the Author of 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.')

MANY years have now elapsed since I first observed that, somehow or other, horses on the continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or along a dead level, with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. Let any unprejudiced person attentively observe with how little apparent fatigue three small ill-conditioned animals will draw, not only his own carriage, but very often that overgrown vehicle, the French diligence, or the German eil-wagen, and I think he must admit, that somewhere or other, there exists a mystery. But the whole equipment is so unsightly, the rope-harness so rude, the horses without blinkers look so wild, that far from paying any compliment to the turn-out, one is apt to condemn the whole thing, and, not caring a straw whether such horses be fatigued or not, to remark that in England they would have travelled at twice the rate with one tenth of the noise. But neither the rate nor the noise is the question I wish to consider. The thing I want, if possible to account for, is, how such small weak horses do manage to draw one's carriage up hill, with so much unaccountable ease to themselves.

Now in English, French, and German harness, there exist, as it were, three degrees of comparison in the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated by the bearing rein; in France, it is left as nature placed it (there being, in common French harness, no bearing rein), while, in Germany, the head is tied down to the lower extremity of the collar, or else the collar is so made, that the animal is by it deprived of the power of raising its head. Now, passing for a moment the French method, which is the state of nature, let us consider which is best, to bear a horse's head up, as in England, or to pull it downwards, as in Germany. In my humble opinion, both are wrong; yet there is some science in the German error, while ours goes directly against all mechanical calculation.

In a state of nature, the wild horse has two gaits, or attitudes. If man or beast come suddenly on him, up goes his head, and as he first stalks and then trots gently away, with ears erect, snuffing the air, the feelings of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation seem to rein him, like a troop-horse, on his haunches; but attempt to pursue him, and how completely does he alter his attitude! Down goes his head, and from his ears to the tip of his tail, there is in his vertebrae an undulating action which seems to propel him along, and the privation of which would manifestly diminish his speed. Now, in harness the horse has naturally the same two gaits or attitudes, and it is quite true that he can start away with a carriage, either in the one or the other, but the physical powers which he calls into action are essentially different, for in the one attitude he works by his muscles, in the other by his weight. In France, and particularly in Germany, horses do draw by the weight, and 'tis to encourage them to raise their backs, and lean downwards with their heads, that the Germans, with a degree of rude science, tie down the horse's nose to the bottom of his collar; and that the postillion, at starting, speaking gently to him, allows him to get himself into a proper attitude for his draught. The horse, thus treated, leans against the resistance he meets with, and the balance of draught against weight being in his favour, the carriage follows him without much more strain or effort on his part, than if he were idly leaning his chest against his manger. It is true the flesh of his shoulder may become sore, from severe pressure, but his sinews and muscles are comparatively at rest. Now, anyone who observes a pair of English post-horses dragging a heavy weight up a hill, will see at once that the poor creatures are working by their muscles, and that 'tis by main strength the resistance is overcome: but how can it be otherwise? for their heads are consider-

ably higher than nature intended them to be, even when walking, unincumbered, and at liberty. The balance of their bodies is, therefore, absolutely turned against, instead of leaning in favour of their draught, and thus cruelly deprived of the mechanical advantage of weight which everywhere else in the universe is appreciated, the noble spirit of our high-fed horses induces them to strain and drag the carriage forward by their muscles; and, if the reader will but pass his hands down the back sinews of any of our stage-coach or post-chaise horses, he will soon feel (though not so keenly as they do) what is the fatal consequence. It is true that in ascending a very steep hill, an English postillion will occasionally unhook the bearing reins of his horses, but the poor jaded creatures, accustomed for years to work in a false attitude, cannot in one moment get themselves into the scientific position which the German horses are habitually encouraged to adopt; besides this, we are so sharp with our horses—we keep them so constantly on the *qui vive*, or, as we term it, in hand,—that we are always driving them from the use of their weight to the application of their sinews. That the figure and attitude of a horse working by his sinews are infinitely prouder than when he is working by his weight, I most readily admit, and, therefore, for carriages of luxury, where the weight bears little proportion to the powers of the two noble animals, I acknowledge that the sinews are more than sufficient for the slight labour required; but to bear up the head of a poor horse at plough, or at any slow heavy work, is, I humbly conceive, a barbarous error, which ought not to be persisted in; for laughing, as we all do, at the German and French harness, sneering, as we do, at their ropes, and *wondering out loud*, as we always do, why they do not copy us, it is rather mortifying to find out, that, in spite of our fine harness, for slow heavy draught, it is better to tie a horse's nose downwards, like the German, than upwards, like the English, and that the French way of leaving them at liberty is better than either.

TABLE TALK.

REMOVAL OF STAINS FROM BOOKS.

Nearly all the acids remove spots of ink from paper, but it is important to use such as attack its texture the least. *Spirits of salts*, diluted into five times or six times the quantity of water, may be applied with success upon the spot, and after a minute or two washing it off with clear water. A solution of *oxalic acid*, *citric acid*, or *tartaric acid* is attended with the least risk, and may be applied upon the paper and plates without fear of damage. These acids taking out writing-ink, and not touching the printing, can be used for restoring books where the margins have been written upon, without attacking the text.—When the paper is disfigured with stains of iron, it may be perfectly restored by applying a solution of *sulphuret of potash*, and afterwards one of *oxalic acid*. The *sulphuret* extracts from the iron part of its oxygen, and renders it soluble in diluted acids. The most simple, but at the same time very effectual method of raising spots of grease, wax, oil, or any other fat substance, is by washing the part with *ether*, and placing it between white blotting paper. Then with a hot iron press above the part stained, and the defect will be speedily removed. In many cases, where the stains are not bad, rectified *spirits of wine* will be found to answer the purpose.—[From 'Bibliopægia, or the Art of Book-binding,' by J. A. Arnett (R. Groombridge); a very complete little work, worth the attention of the lover of books, as well as the bookbinder.]

CURIOUS RECORD IN THE CHURCH BOOKS AT  
BARKSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.

"1689, Ellen, the daughter of Bryan and Ellen Dun, was baptized April 23."

"Lord pardon me if I am guilty of any error in registering Ellen Dun's name."

This singular appeal was written by Mr Huddleston, the vicar, who perhaps had neglected to make the entry for a long time after the baptism, and not

until his memory failed him as to the precise time; he had registered Ellen Dun in the year 1689, and finding it wrong, had copied it out, and put it in 1690.—*History of Parish Registers.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must devote an "article" to the Shakspeare dinner at Stratford. It cannot be dispatched in a "paragraph."

The book of musical criticism mentioned by our friend R. A. (from whom we were glad to hear) has not yet reached us.

We are sorry we cannot inform  $\Sigma$  where a copy of the version of Redi is to be found; though perhaps we ought to be glad; for owing to the translator's absence in another country at the time, it was one of the most incorrectly printed books that ever issued from the press. The house that published it, is no longer in business. The story our Correspondent speaks of, is in the 'Decameron.'

Miss S., with whom we sincerely condole, is informed that it is our full intention to publish the paper referred to, written by her late lamented sister, when the season comes round. We shall have double pleasure in doing so, since we learn that such was her particular wish.

M. S. R. is not so good this time. She rightly reverences the olden style; but she must not let its antiquity stand her instead of her own living feelings.

We doubt not there is some mistake in the line mentioned by W. S. and others; and we will look at the manuscript, which at present does not happen to be by us, and correct it. Next Wednesday, if W. S. will be good enough to send for it to the Publisher's, we shall be ready with our answer respecting his manuscript.

"Hints for Table Talk, No. IX." in our next.

Next week, more answer to "Hans Sachs of Dover," whose letter unfortunately reached us a day too late for the answer which he wished.

We are gratified at being reminded by INCOGNITA of the passage in the 'Bubbles,' for we had marked it for extracting, at the time of our first perusal of the book. But what of 'Auld Lang Syne'? They are magical words, and we should be glad to hear more about them.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER is informed, that the first part of the 'Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling' has been translated into English, and published by Hamilton and Adams.

'On the Faded Beauty of a Beloved One' is a beautiful title; and happy is J. C. to feel it to be such, and to write as he does upon it. But a thousand productions of a like merit would start up to complain of us for non-insertion, if we gave them insertion.

The books mentioned by J. F. can be obtained at any large Circulating Library. There is a 'History of the Female Sex,' by Alexander; another translated from the German of Meiners; and Miss Hays has written an interesting 'Female Biography,' in six volumes. See also the eloquent writings of Mrs Jameson, lately published.

We should be glad to insert the remarks of  $\Delta$ ; but the subject, we fear, would excite controversy.

Also the lines intitled 'Goethe and Scott,' but for the last line. Why put such a "fear" in the heads of those who never felt it?

Part, if not all, of the remarks on the 'Thames' shall be inserted. We recommend the author to dash a little more boldly at his subject, and not care how "familiar" the points are, provided they are not familiar to the reading public.

LONDON: Published by H. HOOPER, Pall Mall East, and supplied to Country Agents by C. KNIGHT, Ludgate-street.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney-street.